LETTER

FROM THE

ROPE-DANCING MONKEY

IN THE

HAY-MARKET,

TO THE

Acting MONKEY of *Drury-Lane*,

ON THE

EARL OF WARWICK.

Tibi David.——Have at you, David.

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MDCCLXVII.

A LETTER, &c.

SIR,

YOU are now, through my monkeyſhip, to be informed, that the great *Linnæus*, (think not I mean a linnen-draper, which your ſhallow knowledge of the Latin tongue might perhaps ſuggeſt to you) who is deſervedly ranked among the foremoſt naturaliſts, hath arranged, in the firſt claſs of animated beings, the human ſpecies, to wit, our ſuperiors, the rational bipeds; and in the next order to them, your's and mine, the chattering monkey-race.

At reading this brotherly addreſs, you will probably pucker up your brows in a ſtaring manner, and ſtammer inarticulately

to thoſe at hand, Why--why--why?—Now —now--now--am I a monkey? Eh?—Yes, you are one, and I will prove it; as alſo is your congenial compeer, and worthy coadjutor, the ſmall-coalman of Parnaſſus, who, if he would be pleaſed to wear his hair cropt ſhort, as formerly, and get one of our family tails faſtened behind, the minim might be exhibited, and not ſtand alarmingly offenſive even in the preſence of ladies; as but little drapery would be required before, if belief is to be given to the report of that favourite *peak*, whereon, like a tom-tit, he hath ſo long proved fond of being delightfully perched.

Rationality, a ſtranger to us, is ſaid to conſiſt in ſtrong conceptive faculties of the mind, to view and ſcrutinize nature in all her appearances; thence to deduce the only appoſite inferences which reſult therefrom; that, afterwards, by means of happy combinations, illuſtrating mutually, as well as ſtrengthening each other, compoſe a chain of arguments properly ariſing one from the other, and whoſe aggregate is called Reaſon.

Monkeyiſm, on the contrary, our *Specification*, is not provided with any ſuch faculties for taking in; nor *indeed* for even obſerving the common appearances of nature: No; the uſe of our ſight is confined to guide us in loco-motive excurſions for our ſubſiſtence, or in playing miſchievous tricks, as you are

very fond of, leſt we ſhould run our heads againſt the wall, or a tree, &c. Then our ſeeming to ſpeak like yours, ſometimes in a precipitate jabbering, at others, in an interrupted, languid, ſtammering manner, is not at all dictated from within by judgment, reflection, or thought. To this aping of ſpeech, our writing is quite ſimilar, as being totally devoid of any connected ſenſe or meaning whatever.—We are often taught to ſcrawl as you do, in imitation of rational folks; and with a number of ſcribbled lines, we fill up many pages, which the ſenſible folks are ſurpriſed at, when they come to examine, and find not the leaſt glimpſe of rationality in them; as by what I hear occaſionally from the Rope, during my performance, is now the caſe with your plagiarized Earl of Warwick, its prologue and epilogue. Wherefore, to proceed orderly towards proving your conſanguinity to us, I will begin with Dapper Coley's prologue, which is ſo exactly in our way, becauſe it is no more than a deal of ſcrawl-work, a tedious prolixity, without the apology of either a thought or ſentiment, of both which it is abſolutely guiltleſs: and as the now director of my hand makes me write to you, there prevails throughout ſuch a torpifying continuity of undeviating dulneſs, that it is quite impalpable to reaſon and criticiſm, which can by no means lay any hold upon it; for it

ſlides away from them like the viſionary dagger in Macbeth; and is all of the ſame drowſy tenor with

'Severe each poet's lot; (*a*)—but ſure moſt hard
'Is the condition of the playhouſe bard: (*b*)
'Doom'd to hear all that wou'd-be critics talk,
'And in the go-cart of dull rules to walk!
'"Yet authors multiply," you ſay.—'Tis true,
'But what a new numerous crop of critics too!
'Scholars alone of old durſt judge and write,
'But now each journaliſt turns ſtagyrite.
'Quintilians in each coffee-houſe you meet,
'And many a Longinus walks the ſtreet.' (*c*)

(*a*) Why——(*b*) this can only be the caſe when perſons of a true dramatic genius are excluded, and the pilfered inaccurate productions of frigid Dunces are received, foſtered and obtruded upon the public for new and original performances.

(*c*) Well, what then?—So have, and do, Mr. David Hume, Mr. Samuel Johnſon, and Mr. Burke, beſides ſeveral other moſt valuable gentlemen, and ſhining ornaments of the literary world. Pray now let me remind you of two exiſtences *more precious* than them all, which I am ſure you will readily grant——gueſs——why the authors of the *Connoiſſeur*, eſpecially while that work was carried on; for then no monkey concerned

 therein

therein had either a chariot or coach.—And, as Nell ſays, 'O Gemini, a coach!' which the meaneſt of ſociety may arrive at through virtue of a rich unworthy's will.

'In Shakeſpear's days, when his advent'rous Muſe,
'A Muſe of fire, durſt ev'ry licence uſe.'

It is really very impertinent, in ſuch tiny ſubaltern Beings, to prattle ſo familiarly of Shakeſpear as you do; that venerable name is profaned no leſs than three times by Coley, in what he over-weeningly and miſtakenly calls a prologue.

'Her noble ardour met no critic's phlegm,
'To check wild Fancy, or her flight condemn.'

Coley here either expoſes his ignorance, or knowingly ſins againſt the dignity of truth, which, in the vernacular ſtyle, imports, that he promulgates a falſhood. Shakeſpear was ſeverely criticiſed and ſneered at too by the ſelf-appointed, would-be *Connoiſſeurs* of his time; becauſe, forſooth, they had been taught, in the monkey-ſtrain, ſome ſmattering of a little Latin, and leſs Greek.—— They were all jealous and enraged at the heaven-born ſuperiority of genius, with which that favourite bard of nature was ſo eminently endowed.

Equally abſurd might almoſt every line be proved, but that would take up too much room;

room. Let us therefore paſs on to that extraordinary part which draws on you this remonſtrance, becauſe it could have never ſprung from a rational mind, but is the genuine brat of a monkey-brain.

'Our bard, a critic pole between his hands,
'On the tight rope, ſcarce balanc'd, trembling ſtands;
'Slowly and cautiouſly his way he *makes*,
'And fears to fall at ev'ry ſtep he *takes*.'

None but ſuch half-formed daſtardly bards as you feel in this way; the true dramatic ones ſoar ſteadily, like the eagle through the full blaze of meridian glory. If theſe lines were meant as a ſarcaſtic innuendo to ridicule, and depreciate my performance in the eſtimation of the public, I treat the impotent attack with ſcorn; becauſe, conſcious of my own merit, I move and act in a ſphere above the vain efforts of all ſuch pigmy pretenders. Your's, Coley, are but a poor *Terre a Terre* crawling, but mine are elevated boundings in the air.

The rationaliſts, as I am directed to obſerve to you, affirm, that a prologue ought to be, in regard to a play, what an overture is to an opera; that a buffo or comic one before a ſerious drama, would be highly impertinent; and one in the ſtyle of a funeral dirge before a comic piece would be no leſs ridiculous;

ridiculous. The ſame doctrine ſhould be followed inviolably in regard to prologues.

The next article to be now proceeded on is the play, which ſhall be conſidered in two lights; firſt, by a ſufficient diſplay of its errors in diction; ſecondly, by the quoting undeniable proofs of its being an Engliſh plagiariſm from a French original.——

Previous to any remark on the writing be it obſerved, that queen Margaret is improperly dreſt, for the afflicted conſort of a monarch in captivity. The abſurdity of giving Spaniſh habits for the Engliſh dreſſes at that time, is judiciouſly expoſed in a letter, lately publiſhed in the *Ledger*.

P. 2. 'If we could break this adamantine chain,
'We might again be free.'

This paſſage, unwarrantable by true taſte, calls to mind,

'Made nature ſtart to ſee us root up rocks,
'And open all her adamantine locks, &c.'

In *Hannibal's Overthrow*; which expreſſion hath ever been looked upon as turgid, not to ſay bombaſtic.

Never hath a dramatic bard given more ſtriking inſtances of the eaſy, familiar, and fire-ſide dialogue in tragedy, than this; which the following prove.

P. 4. '——and Elizabeth hath charms
'Might ſhake a hermit's virtue.'

CLIFFORD

CLIFFORD.

'——————————hath he ſeen,
'This peerleſs fair one.

MARGARET.

'Yes—by my contrivance,
'When laſt he hunted in the foreſt, *ſome*
'*Whom* I had *planted* there, *as if by chance*
'Alone directed, led him croſs the lawn
'to Grafton.'

EDWARD.

P. 8. 'I *am not to be talk'd* into ſubmiſſion,
'Nor dread the menace of a clam'rous woman.'

MARGARET.

'Thou may'ſt have cauſe to dread a woman's power;
'The time may come——
'The friend thou lean'ſt on, like a broken reed,
'Shall pierce thy ſide, and fill thy ſoul with anguiſh.'

This laſt image may perhaps be in the Sophoclean ſtyle, but is ſomewhat obſcure; as the reply of Edward is not juſt according to the conception of rationaliſts.

EDWARD.

'Imperious woman! but the voice of woe
'Is ever clamorous——

It is quite the reverſe; but the voice of rage, indeed, fury, &c. is clamorous.

In

In page 10, there is a brilliant ſpecimen of the gentle, the pretty, and unintelligible.

SUFFOLK.

'She turn'd aſide, and as ſhe ſilent bow'd,
'Her *doubtful thanks*, I mark'd the *pearly* tear,
'*Steal down its ſecret track.*'

A fine contraſt to the preceding imagery is the melancholy reflection uttered by

EDWARD.

'I've promis'd Lewis to eſpouſe his daughter,
'To ſtrengthen our alliance. *Would to heav'n*
'*I had not.*'———

What an amazing knowledge of men and things the king's confidant unfolds, p. 11.

SUFFOLK.

'———Heroes are but men;
'I have ſome cauſe to think ſo—*but of that*
'*We'll talk another time: Mean while*, my liege,
'I think lord Warwick is a uſeful friend.'

This author, poet, bard, or play-wright, has a great antipathy to the letter *n*, as here, *a uſeful*, and in other places.—How magnanimous is the reply to Suffolk!

EDWARD.

'Aye, and a dang'rous foe, the people love,
'To adoration love him; if he falls
'From his allegiance, crouds will follow him.'

P. 16. Here the able politician and conſummate ſtateſman blaze forth.

SUFFOLK.

'I would not croſs my royal maſter's will,
'But, *on my ſoul*, I think this nuptial league
'With France, prepoſt'rous, and impolitic;
'It cannot laſt —We are by nature foes,
'And nought but *mutual poverty and weakneſs*
'Can ever make us friends.'

That is new! that is a hit! penetration to the utmoſt degree.

P. 17. England's hero throws out a ſample of his having had a claſſical education.

WARWICK.

'At length, thank heav'n, the iron gates of war
'Are clos'd.'———————

Although he would be more intelligible to the generality of a London audience, in ſaying,

———The iron gate o' th' Tow'r
Is clos'd.———————

What follows a little lower is not claſſical, but wonderful.

EDWARD.

'———————Peace, my lord,
'Is ever welcome; 'tis the gift of heav'n,
'The nurſe of ſcience, art's fair patroneſs,
'And merit's beſt protector.'———

How innocent peace is treated here, being firſt exhibited as of the neuter gender—'*tis*;— then is rais'd to the rank of a female,

'The

'The nurſe of ſcience, art's fair patroneſs.'

But is immediately converted into an hermaphrodite, by becoming maſculine.

'And merit's beſt protector.'

What an extraordinary way of thinking this writer muſt have, to whom I am directed to pay this learned homage!

Sola Sophoclæo tua carmina digna cothurno.

Which may be rendered thus,

Thy verſe alone the tragic buſkin fits.

In pages 31, 32, Engliſh heroes are preſented with a not very complimentary parallel, in the mouth of

MARGARET.

'Theſe Engliſh heroes, when once fleſh'd with ſlaughter,
'Like the keen *maſtiff*, loſe not ſoon the track
'Of vengeance, nor forget the taſte of blood.'

But her being a foreigner, and at that time angry with the Engliſh, may be pleaded as an excuſe; however, in ſtrict propriety of phraſe, inſtead of *maſtiff*, we ſhould read, *blood-hound*.

In page 33, ſome ærial being inſtructs the ſupplicating queen.

MARGARET.

'Aye, now I have it; monitreſs divine,
'I thank thee.'———

Who is ſhe? Whence came ſhe? Where is ſhe?

Page 36 affords an opportunity of putting two queſtions, with all due regard to the author, concerning theſe lines:

WARWICK.

'——I've been a fooliſh, faithful ſlave;
'All my beſt years, the morning of my life,
'*Hath* been devoted to your ſervice.'—

1ſt, Was it agreeable to Warwick's character, to call himſelf *a fooliſh, faithful ſlave?* 2dly, Conſidering their diſparity of years, with what juſtice could he be made to ſay, that he had devoted the morning of his life to Edward's ſervice?

This hero is made ſoon after, in the ſame page, to give a fine complex flouriſh, in the genuine profound, or the true downward ſublime.

WARWICK.

'——————Thy undiſtinguiſh'd name
'Had rotted in the *duſt*, from whence it ſprang,
'And moulder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick
'Dug from its ſordid *mine* the uſeleſs *ore*,
'And *ſtampt* it with *a Diadem*.'——

A thing ſpringing from the *duſt* is prettily figurative, and has the merit of novelty, becauſe not known in agriculture; but then to *rot* in the *duſt*, and *moulder* in *oblivion*, are happy

happy conceits; ſtill heightened by *Warwick*'s digging the *uſeleſs ore* from its *ſordid mine*, (of *duſt*) and moreover, *ſtamping with a* DIADEM.—That a *Diadem* ſhould *ſtamp!* Envy muſt own, is unborrowed, and the author's own; who, through virtue of his ſuppoſed heavenly vicarſhip, endows *Warwick*, in page 37, with the gift of preſcience, where, although ſome centuries prior even to the invention of our national debt, he gives a prophetic hint how to pay it off.

WARWICK.

' Why, that indeed is frugal honeſty,
' A thrifty ſaving knowledge; when the debt
' Grows burthenſome, and cannot be diſcharged,
' *A ſpunge will wipe out all, and coſt you nothing.*'

Who, but the ingenious *Trio* and their aſſiſtant council of Wits, could have thus antedated ſuch a doctrine; that, by the bye, is not free from being charged with indiſcretion, as it may throw uneaſineſs and diffidence into the minds of many, who might be ſufferers by ſuch a proceeding.—It is at beſt but a monkey trick.

P. 39. "Monopolize perfection," are words not unworthy of, but even indicate a proficient in Greek; nay, a profeſſor of that language.

Page

Page 40, offers to us an uncommon inſtance of the imperial ſtyle.

EDWARD.

——— 'Is it ſo, my lord?
'Then mark my words: I've been your
ſlave too long,
'And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron;
'But henceforth know, proud peer, I am
thy maſter,
'And will be ſo.'——

Here is a proof that witlings have but ſhort memories; for above, *Warwick* has ſaid to the king,

——'I've been a fooliſh faithful ſlave.'

Here the King ſays to *Warwick*,

——'I've been your ſlave too long.'

How can one ſettle this contention of ſlavery betwixt the king and ſubject? Miſchievous wags will be apt, on this occaſion, to pronounce the author a thorough ſlave to dulneſs.

As for the many ungrammatical inaccuracies, ſuch as in page 47,

'Who ſent her *there*,' for *thither*,

coarſe words as in p. 49, *bluſt'ring Edward*, and ſuch like, it would be too minute, and become tedious to dwell on, inaſmuch as every ſenſible reader will readily perceive them.

Page

Page 53, points ſtrongly at a parſon's having had a hand in this dainty performance.

'This cruel, bloody Molock, that delights
'In human ſacrifice.'

As doth the prayer in page 58, transferred from the *pulpit* to the *ſtage* in blank verſe.

ELIZABETH.

'Great God of armies, whoſe all-guiding hand
'Directs the fate of nations, O! look down
'On thy own image, let not cruel diſcord
'Divide their kindred ſouls! in pity hear,
'Pour thy benignant ſpirit o'er their hearts,
'And once more knit them in the bands of peace.'

Who is not tempted to add A--MEN. However proper ſo ſolemn a prayer might be for a church, and from the mouth of a clergyman, it is as foreign from the ſtage as from the agitated ſituation lady *Elizabeth* is ſuppoſed to be in at that deciſive period.

This very lady *Elizabeth*, who has delivered ſo fine a cathedral prayer, relapſes into frail humanity, ſo far, as even in the preſence of *Suffolk*, to form a wiſh of another tendency.

P. 60. 'O wou'd to Heav'n that he (*Warwick*) were ſhelter'd here,
'And ſafe within theſe arms.'

In

In page 61, ſhe utters a ſtriking remark,

——— 'Such ſuperior merit
'Muſt have a thouſand foes, the conſtant mark
'Of Envy's poiſon'd darts.'

King *Edward*, on addreſſing her, ſoon after ſpeaks in the language of a *Petit Maitre*.

'The luſtre of thoſe ſpeaking eyes declares it.'

In p. 64, the parſon breaks out again ridiculouſly (without any neceſſity ariſing from the buſineſs of the ſcene) to make king *Edward* and lady *Elizabeth* ſpeak a praying duetto on their knees.

EDWARD.

'For thy unbounded goodneſs, Pow'r ſupreme,
'Accept our praiſe.'

ELIZABETH.

——— 'Accept our humble pray'r.'

Page 67, proves *Warwick* not to be exactly ſkilful in prognoſtics.

——— 'Death comes on
'With haſty ſtrides; 'tis but a *little while*,
'*A few ſhort moments*, and we part for ever.'

Yet he incumbers the ſtage with a languid dialogue for an unſufferable length of time; during which, to make the ſcene truly farcical,

cical, lady *Elizabeth*, who, in conſequence of her fainting at the news of *Warwick*'s being mortally wounded, had been carried off by the king's order to have cold water ſprinkled on her forehead, and a ſmelling-bottle applied, for her recovery, returns; on which the king elegantly ſays,

P. 69. 'Why wou'd you bring her here?'
[*To the attendants.*]

The parſon, however, with an eye to his profeſſion, ſtrikes up a marriage, and makes *Warwick* give away lady *Elizabeth* to king *Edward*.

P. 69. 'Thy hand, ELIZABETH, if e'er thou lov'ſt,
'Obſerve me now---*thine*, EDWARD---
for my ſake,
'Cheriſh this beauteous mourner, *take her from me*
'As the laſt preſent of a dying friend.'

Who can help ſmiling, when lady *Elizabeth* ſays calmly to her deceaſed lover,

'*Warwick*, farewell; I ſhall not long ſurvive thee.——By, by!

I can hardly go on for yawning, and ſtretching my monkey ſides, at ſuch *Lethean* bathos. The concluſive blank tag of this drama contains a prodigious ſentiment.

'His great example ſhall inſpire my breaſt,
'With patriot zeal ſhall teach me to ſubdue
'The pow'r of faction, vanquiſh party rage,
'And make me what alone I wiſh to be,
'The happy king of an united people.'

Were it uſual for kings to deſire to reign over a divided people, there might be ſome merit in ſuch a wiſh; but the fact being otherwiſe, there is none; wherefore this cloſe wanted the auxiliary concomitance of rhime to make it ſlide off with a better grace; and, no diſparagement to your monkeyſhip's ſtyle, might have been done in this manner:

His great example ſhall inſpire my breaſt,
And dying words be always there impreſt;
With patriot zeal they'll teach me to ſubdue
Of ſwelling paſſions the tumultuous crew,
And with the aid of eloquence aſſuage
The pow'r of faction, vanquiſh party rage.
I'll be proclaim'd from Hyde-Park to Bow-ſteeple,
The happy king of an united people.

The play being now gone through, the epilogue appears with its author's name on the top. Thus on the continent is frequently ſeen a lumber carriage of ſhew-folks travelling through the country with one monkey faſtened in the front, and another in the rear, in order to excite the public's curioſity to pay for an exhibition of the contents.

Here

Here then perks up his head our dainty Davy, who (obliging mortal) never failed in nonſenſe and ſtupidity: and now, not to keep you longing, ſets off with it in the very firſt line.

EPILOGUE.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Eſq;

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

'Exhauſted quite with priſons, racks, and *death.*'

Death indeed is the great exhauſtor of all; but brother Bardling, ever out of nature and of truth, makes the queen, although juſt declared to be exhauſted with death, to revive, ſay,

'Permit me here to take a little breath.'

And yet, like to the foregoing play, this very blunder is an unlucky plagiariſm, and from the Rehearſal, where Bayes ſays,

'Dead men, get up.'

But when he has made her riſe up from death to life, and made her take a little breath; gueſs for what end? why, for one ſo delicate, and ſo ſuitable to the character of queen Margaret, as the enacting the part of a fencing-maſter. This is another of Bayes's methods to ſurprize.—Is not this mere monkeyiſm?

'Againſt your conqu'ring ſwords I draw—my fan——
'Come on!—now parry, Margaret, if you can.'

[*Sets herſelf in a poſture of defence.*]

Makes a full lunge and thruſt at the pit, then recovers, but returns to the charge again: pretty manœuvering for a woman on the ſtage.--What follows may be looked upon as a kind of elucidation or appendix to what queen Margaret, in the play, ſo incongruouſly to her character, is made to throw out in the Covent-Garden ſtrain, but not in the ſtyle of a princeſs of Anjou; that when a woman has once got an hold of the ſoft part of a man, be he ever ſo political, ſtout, valiant, and tall, by plying him in his weakneſs, ſhe may do what ſhe pleaſes with him.

Three things are equally to be obſerved in theſe reflections; 1. The aptneſs to the perſonage who utters them; 2. Their delicacy; and 3. Their newneſs.—It is to be hoped, that, in this author's next piece, as by *Colman*'s prologue, who muſt be in the ſecret, the town is threatened with one.

'Tho' harſh and crude you deem his firſt eſſay,
A ſecond may your favours well repay;
Applauſe may *nerve* his verſe, and *chear* his heart,
And teach the practice of this dangerous ſtart.'

(Applauſe teaching practice, is a very Colmaniſm, becauſe it is perverting into a *cauſe* what ſhould be an *effect*; applauſe is the tribute to be paid to laudable practice.) It is to be hoped, I ſay, that the author will, according to the law-phraſe, then and there, let us know what the men do with the women, and how they govern them when they ply them by the weak part, and how much oftener this advantage falls to the lot of the male than of the female ſex. O for a Lecture upon Heads, for ſuch floundering blockheads! who do not know the meaning of the words they uſe; and which, it is therefore hard for any reader to comprehend.—They would be at ſomething, if they knew how to bring it forth; as for inſtance, degraded *Margaret* ſpeaking to the men:

'When with your nobleſt deeds a nation rings,
'You are but puppets, and we play the ſtrings.
'We plan no battles—true—but out of ſight,
'Crack goes the fan, and armies halt or fight.'

What the devil can ſuch ſtuff mean? What allude to? When has any thing like it happened in *England*?

'You *have* the advantage, ladies; wiſely *reap* it.'

Why

Why *reap* an *advantage* they already *have*? the juſt expreſſion ſhould be, *enjoy it*. To know the value of words is really not unneceſſary, when people pretend to write, and publiſh their names too, in a bullying manner, to enforce, as it were, the Town's applauſe for a work they ſtand ſponſors to.

'And let me hint the only way to keep it.
'Let men of vain ideas have their fill.

Of what?

'Frown, bounce, ſtride, ſtrut——

For what?

——'While you with happy ſkill,
'Like anglers, uſe the fineſt ſilken thread,
'Give line enough, nor check the tugging head;
'THE FISH WILL FLOUNDER; you, with gentle hand
'And *ſoft degrees*, muſt bring the trout to land.'

Alas! poor queen *Margaret*; how low are you reduced, even to purloin, and transfer from the *Beaux's Stratagem* ARCHER's doctrine for catching country girls, to the London ladies, for catching men.

ACT III. Scene II. The Inn.

AIMWELL, ARCHER.

ARCHER.

'THere's a touch of the ſublime *Milton* 'for you, and the ſubject but an inn-'keeper's daughter. I can play with a *girl* as an '*angler* does with his fiſh; he keeps it at the 'end of his line, runs it up the ſtream, and 'down the ſtream, till at laſt he brings it to 'hand, tickles the *trout*, and ſo whips it in-'to his basket.'

But monkies are always of a filching diſpoſition.—The cream of brother David's jeſt here, is,

A more ſpecific noſtrum cannot be,
Probatum eſt, and never fails with me.

This is putting Mr. Yates, a good comedian, who deſerves better at your hands, in a ſtrange light. Why thus inſinuate his being of a ſomewhat reſtif temper, which obligeth his amiable ſpouſe to draw him on artfully, regardleſs of *the tugging head?*—Pray how is it with you, when the foreign *bona roba* angles for your ſoft approaches? Do you play her off with *the tugging head?* Have the Italian baths produced the deſired effect? Jokes of this kind are dangerous, where the joker is liable to a diſagreeable retort.

But

But now to more ſerious matters—which is to prove, that the Drury-Lane Earl of Warwick is not an original, but excepting the indecent wandering from queen Margaret's character, into that of a ſubtle meddling bawd, and the miſ-timed party-ſtrokes, it is the maimed plagiariſm of a French tragedy. By miſ-timed party-ſtrokes, I am bid to explain, is meant, that they are taken moſtly from the pamphlets and eſſays which appeared during the ſuppoſed animoſity between the earls of B. and C. and the then contending parties; who being now in a ſtate of coalition, and our gracious patriot ſovereign intending no ſtretch of the prerogative, render all ſuch political ſquibs, crackers and bouncing, ridiculous, becauſe out of ſeaſon, and that there is no object to point them at.

Such prepoſterous conduct calls to mind an anecdote of a whimſical town-major, in a certain part of Europe, who, in a drunken frolic, ordered the drummers to beat to arms, and had fellows running about the town, crying, The enemy approaches! Our country is in danger! wives! children! property! religion! The garriſon was drawn out, and the burghers put under arms, in which ſtate they continued for ſome time, till the major being aſked by the chief magiſtrate of the place, What information he had for giving ſuch an alarm? replied, That it was only an experiment of his, to know how the town's people

people would act in a caſe of real danger. For which ſportive meaſure he loſt his place, and was confined.

The Drury-Lane author hath already met the puniſhment he deſerves, the public's contempt; and it muſt be agreeable to all ingenious candidates for the ſtage, when under a more equitable management than now, that the chamberlain's office did not oppoſe this would be incendiary, becauſe it will deter others from having recourſe to ſuch paltry means of levying contributions on the public, when deſtitute of the proper qualifications.

But now to join iſſue.—If *Monſieur De la Harpe*'s tragedy, *Le Comte de Warwik*, imported by Mr. Vaillant, had not been produced at Paris in the year 1764, no Drury-Lane Earl of Warwick would have appeared in the form it now is; therefore the latter is taken from the former; as ſhall be proved act by act; and whatever departure is made from the original, betrays the moſt unaccountable ignorance of dramatic propriety and effect. Such readers as do not underſtand French enough for the following confrontment, are refered to THE EARL OF WARWICK, or *King and Subject*; by whoſe medium they will be enabled to feel the juſtice of the charge.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MARGUERITE, NEVIL.

NEVIL.

QUOI! lorſque les Deſtins ont comblé vos Revers
Quand votre Epoux gémit dans l'opprobre des fers;
Lorſq' Edouard enfin heureux par vos deſaſtres,
S'aſſied inſolemment au trone des Lancaſtres,
Marguerite tranquile en ſon adverſité,
Conſerve ſur ſon front tant de ſerenité!
Quel eſpoir adoucit votre miſere affreuſe?

MARGUERITE.

Celui qui ſoutient ſeul une ame genereuſe;
Qui nous affermiſſant contre les Coups du ſort,
Suffit pour rejetter le ſecours de la mort;
Aliment neceſſaire au ſein de la ſouffrance,
Seul Bien des Malheureux; l'ESPOIR DE LA VENGEANCE.

NEVIL.

Eh! comment cet Eſpoir vous ſeroit il permis?
Le ſceptre eſt dans les mains de vos fiers Enemis.
Votre fils cet objet de vos ſoins de vos Pleurs
Traine loin des Regards d'une mere plaintive,
Sous les yeux des Tyrans ſon Enfance captive.
Vous meme Priſonniere en ces murs odieux.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MARGARET *of* ANJOU, LADY CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD.

'THANKS, gracious Heav'n! my royal
mistress smiles,
'Unusual gladness sparkles in her eye,
'And bids me welcome in the stranger joy
'To his new mansion.'

MARGARET.

——'Yes, my faithful Clifford,
'Fortune is weary of oppressing me.
'Through *my dark cloud of grief*, a chearful
ray
'Of light breaks forth and gilds the whole
horison.'

Mere nonsense; a chearful ray of light should break in on, to dissipate her cloud of grief, but not emane from it.

NEVIL.

'Henry in chains, and Edward on the
throne
'Of Lancaster; thyself a pris'ner here;
'Thy captive son torn from a mother's arms
'And in the tyrant's pow'r; a kingdom lost
'Amidst so many sorrows! What new hope
'Hath wrought this wond'rous change?'

MARGARET.

——'That which alone,
'In Sorrow's bittereſt hour, can miniſter
'Sweet comfort to the daughters of Affliction,
'And bid Misfortune ſmile, *The hope of Vengeance.*'

CLIFFORD.

'Unhappy princeſs, that deceiver Hope
'Hath often flatter'd, and as oft betray'd thee.'

Hitherto it is the French text tranſpoſed, diluted, and rendered vapid with an abſurd flouriſh.——Here the queen's character is dropt, and the writer or writers of this moſt wretched Play, unable to follow the French original's ſublime and pathetic deſcription of *Margaret*'s diſtreſſes, and bearing her infant ſon through a foreſt, where ſhe is met by an out-lawed ruffian (the recital of which would have ſuch an intereſting effect upon the ſtage) degrade the queen to confeſs herſelf a knowing-one in the art of *hooking and taking in men.*

SCENE II.

Edward comes on to the queen, as in the French, and the whole dialogue between them is to the ſame purpoſe; but ſo underwritten, in compariſon with the other, that there is no quoting it, and ſo continues

tinues to the end of the firſt act, the buſineſs ſtill the ſame, the king's unfolding to Suffolk his diſtreſsful ſituation, on account of his paſſion; and after their long dialogue, with very impertinent deviations from Monſ. *De la Larpe*; as in his play, ſo here a meſſenger comes on, to inform the king, of Warwick's arrival, which ſomewhat perplexes him and his confidant.

As in the French play, ſo in this, Warwick begins the ſecond act, but not with ſo much propriety; then follows a ſcene, not in the French piece, to wit, the *Council*; and for no other purpoſe that can be perceived, but to burleſque that auguſt aſſembly; being ſo wretchedly miſrepreſented; and for an opportunity of throwing out the hackneyed ſtale abuſe againſt courtiers and ſtateſmen, who were innocent of Edward's conceived paſſion for lady Elizabeth; but no matter for that; abuſe the great ones, and you are ſure to receive peals of applauſe from the upper gallery; as will alſo procure a tilting-bout betwixt the dignity of majeſty and the honour of a ſubject.

Nothing ſets in a ſtronger light the ſingular acuteneſs of judgment with which the carpenter of this tragedy is endowed, than after council being broke up, where words had run very high on all ſides, to make Warwick remain in the chamber, to reflect aloud on his ill treatment from the ſovereign; and, as a farther improvement, to ſend Margaret

garet on to him *there*, which was ſo very likely; what to do? To joke with him a little at firſt; then to win him over to eſpouſe her cauſe, and effectuate the fall of Edward.

Warwick gone off, ſhe laughs at her gudgeon, and with a ſhort ſoliloquy cloſes the act. Thoſe who have not the French, are referred to the other WARWICK, or *The King and Subject*; to ſee how much better, more appropriated, and more dramatic, the ſcenes of the ſecond act are.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MARGARET, NEVIL. —— MARGARET, CLIFFORD.

HERE the anonymous Engliſh workman returns to the buſineſs of the French author; and by ſtriving to maſk his ſenſe, means to ſhrink from it, yet cannot help betraying the parent's features, although in ſo caricatured a manner. The following is a proof of the Drury-Lane *Warwickers* creeping ſervilely after him, but in diſguiſe, as it were.

MARGUERITE.

Le farouche ecoſſois que l'on veut opprimer
Qui contre ſes tyrans eſt toujours pret a s'armer,
Et du hant de ſes monts contre un joug qui l'offenſe
Lutte et defend encore ſa fiere independance.
Ce peuple qu'en ſecret je ſoulieve aujour adui
A mes juſtes Deſſeins pretera ſon Appui.

MARGARET,

MARGARET.

' ——————Scotland's hardy ſons,
' Who ſmile at danger, and defy the ſtorm,
' Will leave their barren mountains to defend
' That liberty they love: add too the aid
' Of gallant Pembroke, and the pow'rs which France
' Will ſend to vindicate *her* injur'd honour,'

The ſecond ſcene follows in the ſame order as in the French, with Edward and Suffolk; but is flatly lengthened.

EDOUARD.

Il faut m'en delivrer: que l'on nous laiſſe ici,
Qu'on eloigne ſurtout Warwik—ciel!

WARWIK *entrant bruſquement.*

——————————Le voici,
Je ne m'attendois pas, Seigneur, que la fortune
Dut vous rendre ſi tot ma preſence importune.

EDWARD.

' Let me have no intruders; above all,
' Keep Warwick from my ſight.

Enter WARWICK.

' ——————Behold him here,
' No welcome gueſt, it ſeems.

All the nonſenſical part of this ſcene, ſome paſſages of which have already been animadverted upon, are not in the French, and are not more extraordinary than the following.

' This

' This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps, like Rome,
' To fall by *its own ſelf* deſtroying hand,
' Toſt for ſo many years in the rough ſea
' Of civil diſcord.——

It has been often ſaid of nations, that they were rent, or torn, &c. by civil diſcord; but were never before repreſented as *toſt* about like a buoy, or a cock-boat; and *toſt* in what, in themſelves! The whole is puzzling ſtupidity to the end of the period.

The aſs, become tired of braying party-queſtions and anſwers between the king and ſubject, returns to his French original.

WARWIK.

Jamais impunement je ne fus offenſé.

EDOUARD.

Jamais impunement je ne fus menacé.

. . . . . .

C'en eſt trop. Holà, Gardis, á moi.

[*Ils environnent Warwik.*

WARWIK.

Laches, n'avancez pas: craignez Warwik—
et toi
Toi qui me reſervois cet horrible ſalaire
Immole le guerier qui t'a ſervi de pere.
Prends ce fer de ma main; frappe un cœur que tu hais:
Vas tu peux d'un ſeul coup payer tous mes bien faits,
Frappe dis-je——————

[*Il jette ſone ſpee aux pieds du Roi.*]

WARWICK.

WARWICK.

'The man who injur'd Warwick *never paſs'd*
'Unpuniſh'd yet.'

EDWARD.

——'Nor he who threaten'd Edward.
'You may repent it, ſir.—My guards there! ſeize
'This traitor, and convey him to the Tow'r;
'There let him learn obedience!'

[*Guards enter, ſeize* Warwick, *and endeavour to diſarm him.*]

WARWICK.

————'Slaves, ſtand off!
'If I muſt yield my ſword, I'll give it him
'Whom it ſo long has ſerv'd.'

How much better is the French line,

Tu peux d'un ſeul Coup payer tous mes bien faits,

than that ſpeech burleſquing it, which thus concludes,

'A ſpunge will wipe out all, and coſt you nothing.'

Here, not to be like the French author, or the natural working of the paſſions. Lady Elizabeth's appearing, as it had been in the ſecond act is omitted, and alſo is queen Margaret's, by which vile amputation the third act is ſhortened in a ſhameful manner.

ACT IV.

Le Scene eſt dans la Priſon.

WARWICK *ſeul.*

A L'example de York—tout eſt ingrat pour Moi:

. . . . . .

Mais quel reſouvenir vient m'etonner ſoudain!
Quel changement, O ciel, et quels jeux du deſtin!
Pour l'orgueil des humains leçon rare et terrible;
C'eſt dans ces memes lieux, dans cette tour horrible
Qu'à vivre dans le fers par moi ſeul condamné
Le mal heureux Henri languit abandonné.
L'oppreſſeur l'opprimé n'ont plus qu'un meme aſyle.
Helas dans ſon malheur il eſt calme et tranquille;
Il eſt loin de penſer qu'un revers plein d'horreur
Enchaine pres de lui ſon ſuperbe vainqueur.

ACT IV.

Scene the Tower.

WARWICK.

——————— O cruel memory,
Do not torment me—if there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices,—'tis ingratitude;

'Tis

'Tis now two years ſince Henry loſt the crown,
And here he is, ev'n in this very priſon,
A fellow-captive now: diſgraceful thought!
How will he ſmile to meet his conqu'ror here!

In the French, "ſcene ſeconde," Warwick, Sumner. In the Engliſh, ſcene II. Warwick, Pembroke, for the ſame purpoſe, which is ſuccinct and ſpirited in the French, but ſpun out and tireſome in the Drury Lane miſcarriage. Scene III. Warwick's ſoliloquy after Pembroke's departure is omitted, why? Scene IV. The next viſitor to Warwick in the Tower, as in the French *drama*, is lady Elizabeth, ſent on dreſſed like a pretty moppet. The audience was pleaſed with the *figure*, but ſorry the character had not been employed earlier, and it was alſo concerned, to hear nothing for an actreſs to diſplay tragic exertion.

It is, by heaven, I cannot help ſwearing, all monkey as I am, ſurprizing, how this animated ſcene of monſieur *de la Harpe*, could be ſo unnerved, ſo worked down to flatneſs unparallelled. A peruſal of the rejected Warwick will give a more favourable idea of it to thoſe readers who either have not or underſtand not the French piece.

SCENE V.

WARWIK, ELIZABETH, *un* OFFICIER, SOLDAT.

L'OFFICIER.

Aupres du Roi madame il faut me ſuivre
Ses ordres ſont preſſans—hatez vous.

WARWIK.

Qui toi m'abandonner? Ou vas tu?

SCENE V.

WARWICK, ELIZABETH, *an* OFFICER.

OFFICER.

'Madam, the king demands your preſence, I
'Have orders to convey you to the king.'

WARWICK.

'And wilt thou leave me?'

SCENE VI.

WARWIK *ſeul.*

Malgré moi je fremis: tout porte dans mon cœur
Un chagrin plus profond une morne douleur:
Helas! enſeveli dans cette nuit cruelle,
Tout ce que je reſſens' eſt horrible come Elle,
Mais quel Bruit effrayant fait retentir ces lieux?
Je crois entendre au loin des cris tumultueux
On approche—Le ſort remplit mon eſperance
On m'apperte la mort.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

WARWICK.

'Now to thoſe worſt companions in affliction,
'My own ſad thoughts again; they're gloomy all,
'And, like my habitation, full of horror.
'I like not Edward's meſſage—if he hears
'My league with Margaret, he ſtill has pow'r
'To make me feel his rage: I have deſerved it.
[*A trampling is heard without.*]
'Methought I heard a noiſe; this way they come;
'*Perhaps* it is the meſſenger of death.'

SCENE VII.

WARWIK, SUMNER.

SUMNER.

J'apporte la vengeance
Ami prenez ce fer; ſoyez libre et vainqueur.

SCENE VII.

PEMBROKE, WARWICK.

'The meſſenger of vengeance--ſee her ſword,
'Accept it, and be free.'——

The Engliſh vamper concludes this act with a kind of ſhort ejaculatory prayer, that again reveals the agency of a parſon; after whom, in conſequence of this wonderful production, crowds will flock to the churches

he

he ſerves, in order to ſee and hear ſo great a curioſity.

'O! direct me, Heav'n!'

The public ſincerely wiſhes that it may; and never let him again be induced into the temptation of maſſacring a tragedy, but keep him always mindful of the commandment, Thou ſhalt not commit murder.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ELIZABETH *ſeul.*

CIEL! ou porter le trouble ou mon ame s'abandonne?
La terreur me pourſuit et la mort m'environne.
J'entends autour de moi les cris de la fureur.
Les plaintes des mouraus—O Ciel! ojour d'horreur!
On arrete mes pas; helas! ce que j'ignore
Eſt plus triſte peutetre, et plus affreux encore;
Et le Ciel que ma voix eſt laſſe d'implorer
Quelque ſoit le ſucces me condamne a pleurer.
Le fatal aſcendant qui me ſuit et m'opprime,
A mes yeux malgré moi traine enfin dans l'abime,
Deux amis, deux heros l'un de l'autre admirés,
Deux cœurs nes genereux, par l'amour egarés.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Thouſand terrors haunt me, a fond father,
A guiltleſs ſovereign, a diſtracted lover;

Fame,

'Fame, fortune, friends and country, all depend
'On one eventful moment—hark!—the ſound
'Of diſtant groans! *perhaps* the king, *perhaps*
'My Warwick bleeds!'

Perhaps both; *perhaps* neither.—Of ſuch phlegmatic *perhapſing*, chill'd into a clerical prayer, what can any actreſs make? See the ſcene founded on the ſame ſituation in the rejected Warwick, which is the third of the added ones, to give buſineſs an animation to this act, which in the French play conſiſts but of about 140 lines.——Here is the place where aſſiſtance was really wanted for our Engliſh ſtage, inſtead of the ridiculous Council-ſcene in the ſecond act, and for *that* the leaving out of lady Elizabeth.

As to quote any more of the French muſt make us exceed the bounds propoſed to this pamphlet, let it be obſerved, that the order of the ſcenes is cloſely the ſame, and carried on by the ſame ſucceſſion of perſonages to the end, but all made to ſpeak very improperly, and numbingly prolix, as if purpoſely ſtraying from the French; except Suffolk's account of Warwick, and Edward's reconciliation, which is a ſervile copy.

Since then no doubt can remain of Drury-Lane's Warwick being bare-facedly and clumſily plunder'd from Monſieur *De la Harpe*'s piece: whether the ſame pilferer hath not ſeen, and ſtolen from the rejected Earl of

Warwick,

Warwick, is now to be examined, and which will appear from the copying of paſſages that are not in the original French, and only to be found in the added ſcenes, and other inſertions, as adapted by Dr. Hiffernan for the Engliſh ſtage.

1. P. 61. Act V. 'Juſtice for thee
'New torture ſhall invent.'

[*Ex.* Margaret *guarded.*]

[*As ſhe is carried off, enter* Warwick *wounded, and ſupported by* Sumner, *with other officers.*]

WARWICK.

'O, ſtop, my prince, nor let the voice of wrath
'Diſgrace thy judgment——pardon a weak woman
'Abuſive words, the charter of deſpair.'

Thus the Drurians imitate it in their firſt act, p. 8.

EDWARD.

'Imperious woman——
'tis the privilege,
'The charter of affliction, to complain.'

Not it indeed; Deſpair is outrageous; but Affliction always dejected; for, as the Latin phraſe imports,

Parvi Dolores loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent.

2. In the rejected *Warwick*, Act IV. the Earl ſays to Sumner,

'Thanks,

'Thanks, gen'rous ſir; who ſides with the diſtreſs'd
'Is that rare phœnix a true friend.'

In the Drury-Lane;

'But in the darkneſs of adverſity
'The jewel friendſhip ſhines with double luſtre.'

Quaint, affected, and unnatural for one in the noble priſoner's ſituation.

3. In the ſecond of the added ſcenes to the fifth act, p. 55.

EDWARD.

'And, thou St. George, great patron of this realm,
'Let me meet Warwick in the ſhock of battle;
'(The throne, the ſceptre, diadem forgot)
'By him I firſt was taught a warrior's duty,
'I'll ſhew him there his precepts were not loſt:
'I'll prove the pupil worthy of the maſter,
'And ſoar his king, in valour as in title.'

How have the Drurians perverted theſe ſentiments, proper in a king's mouth, at the head of a few faithful troops marching againſt the rebellious Chief of a more numerous army he was going to engage; how dwarfed them down to a duel for a lady!

Act III. P. 35. EDWARD. '——What
'If he rebel—another civil war!
'Tis terrible—O that I could ſhake off
'This *cumbrous garb* of majeſty that clings
'So cloſe around me, meet him man to man,
'And try who beſt deſerves her.'

There are many inſtances beſides; but theſe are enough for the Public to form an opinion of ſuch mens heads and hearts.

Under their lying advertiſement to the Public is an extraordinary proof of anxious dulneſs. *Errata* for *Erratum*—for *the bluſh of virgin Modeſty*, read *the crimſon glow of Modeſty*; the former expreſſion is chaſte, the latter prigiſm and coxcombry: 'tis the lot of dunces not to know when they chance to be right. * Not a word is mentioned of the French Warwick, or its prior imitation in Engliſh.—How much more ingenuous the Preface of the *rejected* Warwick, in the year 1764, and then publiſhed by Mr. Kearſley.

'The firſt dramatic eſſay of M. *de la Harpe* 'was exhibited this winter on the theatre at 'Paris, called, *Le Comte de Warwik*, and met 'with deſerved ſucceſs. From that French 'original the ſubject of the annexed ſheets, 'is, for the moſt part, taken; but with ma-'ny alterations and additions, to bring the 'buſineſs of the ſcenes nearer home to the 'boſom of Engliſh readers; and in ſeveral places

* The *ſame* is on the back of the *ſecond-edition title-page!* What ſelf-betraying fools!

'places to give it a complexion more a-kin
'to our climate, the times, and manners,
'than were either neceſſary, or could be ade-
'quately judged of by French readers or
'ſpectators, as will be obvious to whomſoever
'ſhall make a compariſon.

'The concluſion of the fourth act, and all
'the fifth, are an almoſt entire deviation from
'the French original, which is very ingeniouſly
'managed, and well carried on to the ſepa-
'ration of Elizabeth from Warwick. Their
'parting is followed by a ſudden, unnatural,
'and unartful change of ſentiments, with
'which that hero concludes the fourth act.

'The fifth is a very unhappy falling off, in
'point of ſtage buſineſs; it is not above half
'the length of any of the preceding acts;
'the ſentiments and language of it do not
'riſe above mediocrity.

'When fitted in the beſt manner judged
'of for our theatre, this piece was offered to
'the repreſentative-manager of Drury-lane,
'George Garrick.

'Intimation had been received, that Co-
'vent-Garden was ſo over-ſtocked with ſing-
'ſong, as to even neceſſitate deferring to
'the next year a muſical performance by Dr.
'Arne.

'The anſwer from Drury-lane was, they
'had a tragedy on the ſame ſubject, but could
'not bring it on that ſeaſon, they had been
'ſo much engaged.—Strange! "Having a

'piece upon the ſame ſubject," is a ſtale hackneyed excuſe. If Drury-lane has ſuch a thing, let it be left a few days at Mr. Davies's, Ruſſel-ſtreet, or any other book-ſeller's ſhop, for the inſpection of the curious, and aſcertaining the agent-managers veracity.

'A complaint againſt the prepoſterous adminiſtration of the ſtage, with ſtrictures on the pernicious tendency of the act for reſtraining the number of theatres, being prepared for the conſideration of thoſe, in whoſe power alone it is to give redreſs, when matters of a more ſerious import ſhall be decided, it were needleſs now to trouble the reader with any more on that head.'

The performers had a hard taſk of it. Mrs. Palmer, in Elizabeth, having nothing aſſigned her to do, conſequently could make nothing of her part. Mr. Powel gave as much ſubſtance as was poſſible to the ſtarved ſhadowy outlines of a king. Mr. Holland, at no ſmall expence of lungs and arms, forced and hammered out as much of his ill-drawn Earl as was practicable; but, as the country folks ſay, they kept him a *mortal while* a-dying.

But, ah me! in what a pitiable ſtate was poor Mrs. Yates? Every body has heard of a baſhaw with three tails; but here was a

favourite

favourite actreſs ſeverely ſentenced to drag the dead weight of three monkies after her, each with the *head tugging* from taſte to nonſenſe. To her credit, however, be it known, that her judgment refuſed ſo unnatural a Margaret, till enforced upon her by that deſpotic power, which managers have arrogated to themſelves over the ſtage, authors, and actors.

So much for the writin[illegible]d acting of the Drury-Lane Warwick. Now for a word or two to the proprietors. Who had Mr. S. Bladon of Pater-noſter influenced, or terrified, to ceaſe publiſhing the other Earl? Who drew up the advertiſement for the news-paper, aſſerting it to be a tranſlation, and hinting their own to be an original?—Why, inſtead of anſwering Dr. Hiffernan's advertiſement, did they immediately alter their own, and retrench themſelves to the common form they now make uſe of? Is it by their's or the Manager's influence, that Mr. Pridden, in Fleet-ſtreet, the now publiſher of the other Earl of Warwick, cannot get his advertiſement to be inſerted in certain public papers? Beſides oppreſſing the author, who has ſuffered in ſo many ſhapes; is this fair dealing with the Stamp-Office? To whom did ye pay the purchaſe-money of copy-right?

Is the parſon only a cover for this monſter of dulneſs? or is he guilty of fabricating it

in

in conjunction with the prologue and epilogue ſcribb'd? Did they not ſend the favourable account of it to the papers, and eſpecially this pretty compliment in the St. James's, December 16.——"The prologue and epilogue were extremely well ſpoken, and *we are particularly happy* at their making their firſt appearance in print in the St. James's Chronicle;" wherein Coleman and Garrick have ſhares; therefore, as the ſong ſays, *where's the wonder now?* Although of the ſpecies myſelf, I am quite tired of expoſing ſuch monkey tricks. And as I uſually finiſh my performance with a graceful capriole, ſo ſhall I this letter with a flouriſh in rhime, and as good as any of your jantos.

Three Authors! three Years! what have they been *Doing?*
Why—yamp'd a damn'd Play they're all now a *Running*.

I am, DAVID,
With proper ſentiments on this occaſion,
Your BROTHER, &c.

From the Little Theatre in the Hay Market.

P. S. My next to you ſhall be on a more tender concern.

FINIS.